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RIDE A COCK-HORSE



Margot Peale

Ride a Cock-Horse And Other Nursery Rhymes

Illustrated by

MERVYN PEAKE

1940

Chatto and Windus

L O N D O N

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Ride a Cock-Horse

Ride a cock-horse to Banbury Cross,
To see a fine lady on a white horse ;
Rings on her fingers and bells on her toes,
She shall have music wherever she goes.



Morgan Peake.

Rub-a-Dub-Dub

Rub-a-dub-dub,
Three men in a tub,
And who do you think they be ?
The butcher ; the baker ;
The candle-stick maker ;
Turn 'em out knaves all three.



Margot Prentiss

Old King Cole

Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he ;
He called for his pipe,
And he called for his bowl,
And he called for his fiddlers three.

Every fiddler, he had a fiddle
And a very fine fiddle had he ;
Oh, there's none so rare
As can compare
With King Cole and his fiddlers three



Murrow Peake

I Had a Little Nut Tree

I had a little nut tree,
Nothing would it bear,
But a silver nutmeg,
And a golden pear.
The King of Spain's daughter
Came to visit me,
And all was because of
My little nut tree.



Henry Ross

How Many Miles to Babylon?

“How many miles to Babylon?”

“Three score and ten.”

“Can I get there by candle-light?”

“Ay, and back again.”

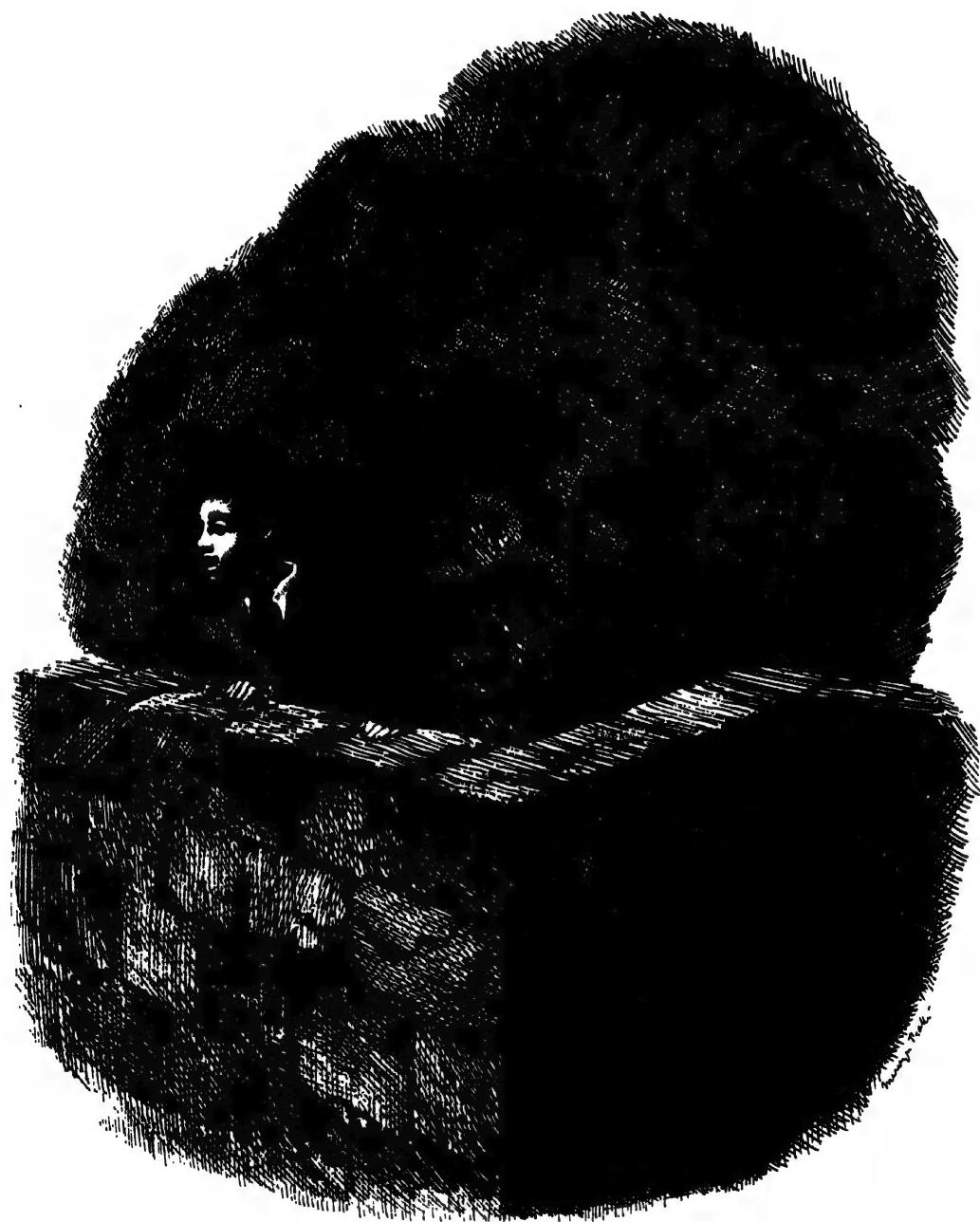


Maurice Puisis '60

I Saw a Ship A-Sailing

I saw a ship a-sailing,
A-sailing on the sea ;
And Oh ! it was all laden
With pretty things for thee !

There were comfits in the cabin,
And apples in the hold ;
The sails were made of silk,
And the masts were made of gold.



The Man in the Wilderness

The man in the wilderness asked me
How many strawberries grew in the sea:
I answered him, as I thought good,
As many as red herrings grew in the
wood.



Mary Peale

N/2395

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Doctor Foster went to Glo'ster

Doctor Foster went to Glo'ster
In a shower of rain ;
He stepped in a puddle,
Up to the middle,
And never went there again.



Morgan Peale

Sing a Song of Sixpence

Sing a song of sixpence,
A pocket full of rye ;
Four and twenty blackbirds
Baked in a pie.

When the pie was opened
The birds began to sing,
Was not that a dainty dish
To set before the King ?

The King was in his counting-house,
Counting out his money ;
The Queen was in the parlour
Eating bread and honey ;
The maid was in the garden
Hanging out the clothes,
When down there came a blackbird
And pecked off her nose.



Mervyn Peake.

I Had a Little Husband

I had a little husband
No bigger than my thumb ;
I put him in a pint pot,
And there I bid him drum.

I gave him some garters
To gather up his hose,
And a little pocket handkerchief
To wipe his pretty nose.

I bought a little horse
That galloped up and down ;
I bridled him and saddled him,
And sent him out of town.



Little Jack Horner

Little Jack Horner

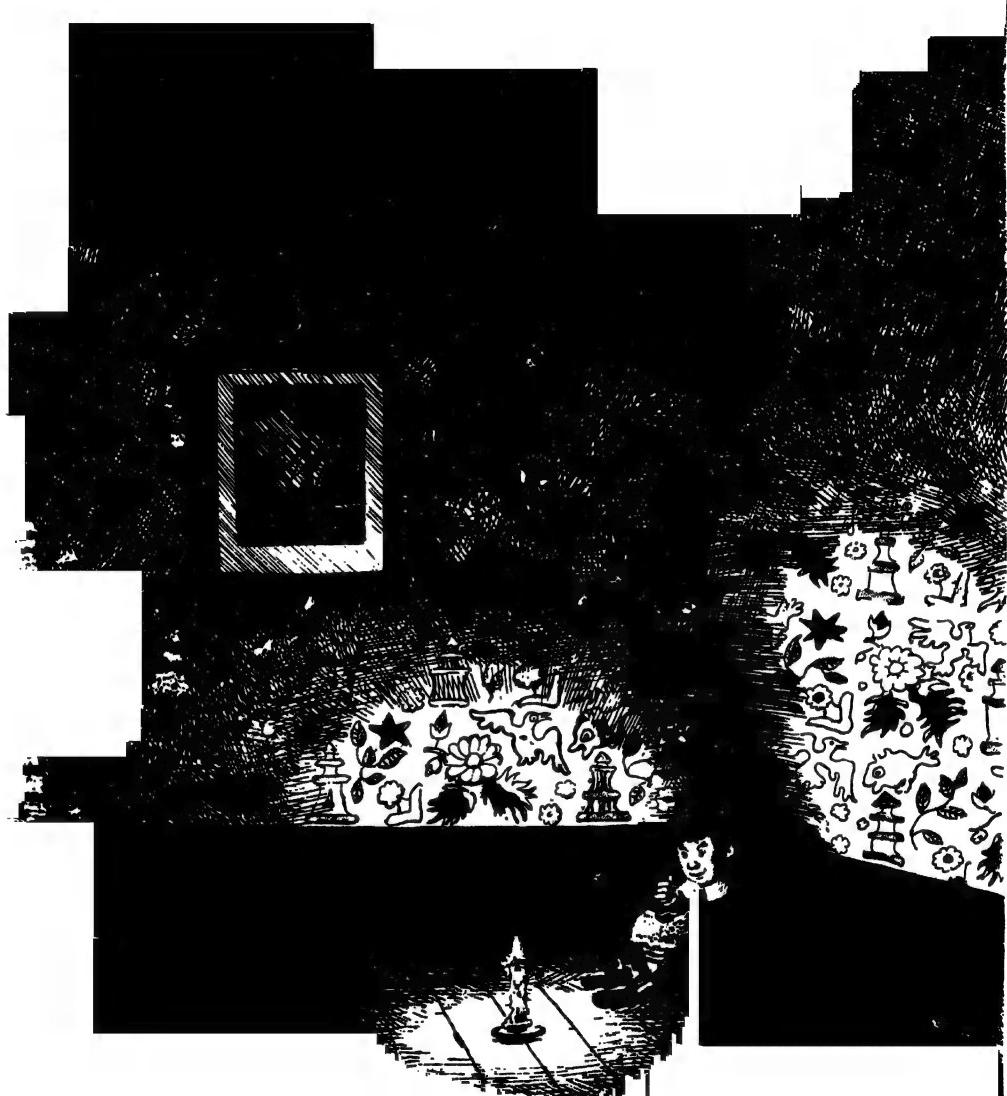
Sat in the corner,

Eating his Christmas pie.

He put in his thumb,

And pulled out a plum,

And said “What a good boy am I.



Jack Sprat

Jack Sprat could eat no fat,
His wife could eat no lean;
And so betwixt the two of them
They licked the platter clean.

Jack ate all the lean,
Joan ate all the fat,
The bone they picked it clean,
And gave it to the cat.



Where are you going to my Pretty Maid?

“Where are you going to my pretty maid?”
“I’m going a-milking, sir,” she said.

“May I go with you, my pretty maid?”
“You’re kindly welcome, sir,” she said.

“What is your father, my pretty maid?”
“My father’s a farmer, sir,” she said.

“What is your fortune, my pretty maid?”
“My face is my fortune, sir,” she said.

“Then I can’t marry you, my pretty maid!”
“Nobody asked you, sir!” she said.



I Saw a Peacock



George Price
1990

